ONE HUNDRED POEMS

OF

TAYUMANAVAR

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL TAMIL

BY

N. R. SUBRAMANIA PILLAI

WITH A FOREWORD BY

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"SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE, HIS LIFE, PERSONALITY AND GENIUS," "HINDU CULTURE," "THE PRESENT CRISIS IN HINDU SOCIETY," ETC.,

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DESABANDU PRESS, COIMBATORE

MADRAS

1930

S. INDIA

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FIRST IMPRESSION

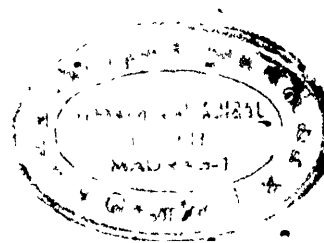
3e 014

MADE IN BRITISH INDIA.

KUPPUSWAMI SASTRI
RESEARCH INSTITUTE.
MADRAS.

ONE HUNDRED
POEMS OF TAYUMANAVAR

V. Sivaswamy Aiyer



Learning is learnt the tie of senses be never
untied;
Learning to become just thy grace is the
learning proper, O Eternal!

—TAYUMANAVAR.

Printed by
C. R. Ramanuja Desikan
at
Desabandhu Press
Raja Street, COIMBATORE,
S. India.

To

ALL THOSE DEVOTEES

who sincerely followed the paths trodden by our ancient Rishis, and Saints and Sages, and safely reached their Universal Eternal Abode,—no matter their country and caste,—and joined all together,

This Humble Work of my Translation

is

SOLEMNLY DEDICATED.

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

IN presenting to the public this little volume containing the prose translations of a few out of the bulk of poems—which, I presume, appear for the first time—of so great a mystic-philosopher and poet-saint as of well-known Tayumanavar of Tamilian world, whose songs are being sung by people of all classes and grades, down from streetly Saints high up to Palace Musicians of Southern India, both young and old and men and women, I do not in the least claim possessing any poetical talent, nor spiritual realm, nor literal or artistical attainment. Mine is only a fisherman's

job—a childish sport on fishing out pearls from the pool of wisdom formed by the flood of rain showered by this saint-poet.

The depth of pool that is broad and wide, is in some places so inconceivably deep as is the infinite sky, and my attempt to pick up pearls from the bottom of depth definitely proved as futile as of an attempt to fly and reach the seeming shore in the vacuous sky. I have, however, managed to pick up some at least from where I could so far dive, and, though my pearls-bag came not even to its half, I, with the discontentment of heart, had to turn my launching boat to the earthly bank, for the stay of boat in the middle of pool caused to the boat many blows and beats of the storm and stress from around and below owing to weather's inclemency.

The collected pearls, however little in quantity may seem to be, were then cleaned and dressed by an unskilled one as proved myself to be, and studded by the western thread though it always suits not to the eastern pearls. Now if they please you it is indeed well and good! but if they don't, well, dear reader, no harm is done; there may come another from among a hundred in the fair, who will find them somewhat cooling to his heart and soul. At any event one is content.

II

My thanks are due to Mr. P. S. Jeevanna Rao, M.A., a lover of Tagore's, who, after a perusal of a part of my manuscript in the course of its preparation, has expressed his unbiased appreciation which, in fact, encouraged me to

enthusiastically proceed on further with my work. I also thank those two veteran scholars in general and Tamil in particular, Mr. K. Subramania Pillai, M.A., M.L, Reader in Tamil, Annamalai University, and Dewan Bahadur S. Bavanandam Pillai, I.S.O., O.B.E., F.R.H.S. (LOND.), M.R.A.S. (LOND.), Founder-President of Bavanandam Academy, Madras, for the former's expression of an opinion, on perusing the manuscript, that my translations are "happy, clear and faithful," and the latter's full endorsement thereon. I am much indebted to Mr. A. E. Narayana Ayyar, M.A., L.T., who took the trouble of correcting the proofs.

The readiness, lovingness and willingness with which Mr. K. S. Ramaswami Sastrigal, B.A., B.L., an erudite scholar in Sanskrit and in Tamil as well, has, in spite of his

high and heavy unlike others' official pressures of earthly affairs, very promptly responded to my humblest and lowliest request to lend me his shrewdest pen, reflect his nobleness of character and his greatness of Self, his innate love to those great Immortals and his vast right cultural, combined with the real spiritual, attainment. Let my debt of gratitude due to him be repaid soon in thousandfold by those Great Beings that are ever watching from the heavenly region the events of the earthly course, for poor and inadequate would be that of this humble

N. R. SUBRAMANIAN.

COIMBATORE

May 5th, 1930

FOREWORD

Sri. K. S. Ramaswami Sastri

I FEEL it to be a pleasure and a privilege to have a call to write a foreword to Mr. N. R. Subramania Pillai's work which gives to the public the quintessence of Saint Tayumanavar's poems in a form which combines fidelity to the Poet-Saint's ideas and expression with a true kinship of soul by which alone ethical and spiritual intuitions can be realised and uttered. No apology is needed for such a work at any time, and least of all now when power is the only God, social and economic and political and religious discord is the only prevalent ritual,

and wealth is the only goal of modern humanity.

The life of Tayumânavar, as much as his teachings, shows to the world the proper relation in which the individual soul should stand to nature and to society and to God. It shows the proper scheme of life which harmonises the temporary and the eternal values, the near and the far, the here and the hereafter. During the reign of Vijayaragunatha Chockalinga Naiker (1627—1654 A.D.)—who was the grandson of Tirumala Naiker of Madura (?)—at Trichinopoly, there lived at Vedaranyam a pious and learned man named Kediliappa Pillai. Kediliappa Pillai belonged to the Vellala caste. He was a scholar in Tamil and Sanskrit and was a man of exemplary character. The King made him his Minister. Kediliappa Pillai's wife Gajavalli

Ammal was a pious and noble-hearted lady and was devoted to her husband. Kediliappa Pillai's elder brother Vedaranya Pillai had no issue. Kediliappa Pillai gave him his son Siva-Chidambaram Pillai in adoption. By the grace of God another son was born to Kediliappa Pillai. The child was named Tayumanavar after the deity at Trichinopoly. After the child grew into a cultured man, the King conferred the Ministership on him[1] after the father passed away. Tayumanavar was a profound scholar in Sanskrit and in Tamil and mastered the great ethical and spiritual literature of India. Even while he was discharging the high duties of his office, his soul was yearning for illumination by a great spiritual

1 At this time Tayumanavar was only 14 years old.

Teacher. At that time there lived in a Mutt at Chidambaram a great Yogi and Saint. He was named Arunanthi Sivacharya and was known also as Mounaguru. He reached Trichinopoly and sat in contemplation in the temple on the rock at Trichinopoly. Tayumanavar felt attracted to him and went to him. He asked him what was the book in his hands. The *Guru* said that it was *Sivajnana bhotham*, which is one of the spiritual treasures of the Saiva Siddhanta system of thought. He then taught him the main principles of Saiva Siddhanta. When Tayumanavar wanted to become his disciple and be always with him, the *Guru* ordered him to continue awhile in his high office and then come for initiation in the great Sadhanas of God-realisation. The advice given by the *Guru*, viz., *Summâ*

Iru (be quiet and self-poised) sank deep into Tayumanavar's soul. The King noticed Tayumanavar's spiritual attainment and eventually became his disciple. After the King's death, his Queen Meenakshi fell in love with Tayumanavar and besought him to become her lord and the King of the realm. Tayumanavar's holy words quelled her passion and made her pure. He then went to Rameswaram. Siva-Chidambaram Pillai then went to him at Rameswaram and requested him to return and marry the bride chosen by him. Tayumanavar obeyed his brother's directions and returned to Vedaranyam and married Mattuvar Kuzalammai. A child named Kanahasabapathy was born to them. Sometime later Mounaguru reappeared and accepted Tayumanavar as his disciple and initiated him into

the highest spiritual truths. Tayumanavar eventually became a *Sanyasi* (ascetic) and went from one holy place to another. He went to Rameswaram and found it suffering from drought and famine. His prayer to God Siva saved the place from such drought and famine. He then went to Ramnad and lived for the rest of his life in a garden in Lakshminagar there. He had great and holy disciples such as Arulaiyar and Kodikarai Jnaniar. He eventually attained the Lord *

* The following verse of Tayumanavar's direct disciple, Kodikarai Jnaniar, gives the exact date of Tayumanavar's Samadhi, which corresponds to February, 1659 A. D.

துகளறு காலி வருடமாயிரத்தைஞ்
நூற்றெழுபெண்பத்தொன்பது தொட்டு
மிகு சுபகிருதாம் வருடந்தை மாதம்
வெண் மதி வார நாள் விசாக
மிகமை சேர் பூரணத்திதியினி லருத்த
மண்டல சமையத்திற் கங்கை
திகழ்கரை யதனிற் முயு மானவனுர்
சிவத்தினிற் கலந்தருற் றினரே.

I dare affirm that this Saint who lived two hundred and fifty years ago is a better guide of modern India and modernity in general than most of the so-called leaders of to-day. He is surprisingly modern in spirit and is at the same time rooted in the great ancient things of value. One feels the greatness of his teachings so much that one is likely to forget the greatness of the man and of the artist. His was a practical self-poised soul and he was equally at home in the world of duty and in the realm of spiritual realisation. Most of the leaders of thought are likely to be too much obsessed by the world of sense or by the world of spirit and do not know how to slowly sublimate the life of Sense into the life of Spirit. Further, Tayumanavar was a great artist in words and knew how to

sweeten holiness by loveliness. Most leaders of religion make the spiritual life distasteful and rouse opposition by the way in which they dissociate loveliness from holiness. His songs and poems have subtle sweet refrains that go singing through our souls long after the reading of his poems. He never tried to write Tamil divorced absolutely from Sanskrit—a new attempt which is made in South India to-day and which has resulted in drab literary archaism and ugliness.[1] While leavening his sweet Tamil

1 It is not by this meant that Tamil is derived from Sanskrit, nor Sanskrit from Tamil. Each can doubtless be said to be independent and complete in itself. As, as a matter of fact, any oriental language spoken at the present moment without a mixture of English words, does not sound well to the ears of the present day generation, so were, it is believed, the mixtures of Sanskrit words with Tamil during the long run of usage, especially by Aryans and such of those Dravidians as who knew Sanskrit as well.

verse with stately and resonant Sanskrit, he shows a fine appreciation and mastery of all the three forms of Tamil literature–*Moothamil Muzhakkamudan* (முத்தமிழ் முழக்கமுடன்). Another remarkable merit of Tayumanavar consists in his wonderful wealth of symbols and his radiant richness of diction. From the mint of his imagination has come a vast variety of rich spiritual symbols which even to-day are current coin in the Tamil Nadu. God is described by him as the cloud sending down showers of bliss,[1] as the tree containing ripe fruits of sweetness to those who do not go into the wild forests of desire,[2] the inner honey,[3] the inward sugar, the light of lights, the infinite superspatial space, the beloved companion

1 Poems Nos. VII, LXVI, LXIX
2 Poem No. XIV
3 Poems Nos LV, LXIV

of the soul, the eternal bridegroom,[1] the heavenly medicine of wisdom,[2] the eternal dancer in the hall of the mind, etc. The sweetness and splendour of his diction can be felt only by those who know and feel that Tamil is sweetness and sweetness is Tamil.

Let us now move on from the artistic aspect to the ethical aspect. In Tayumanavar's poems we find, in all its amplitude and plenitude of range, the Hindu Ethics announcing the path to God (called *Daivi Sampath* in the *Gita*). The first step is the attainment of purity and dispassion and conquest of the senses. This is emphasised in many places in his poems. Two very thoroughly Hindu traits in him as revealed in his works are his humility and his sense of

1 Poem No. LXIV.
2 Poem No. XXVI.

the evanescence of life. The poem beginning with *Vachâ Kaṁkiryam* (which appears in this work)[1] is a well-known and classical example of the quality of humility—which is a very rare and even dying virtue to-day. This virtue shines out as brightly in Tayumanavar's poems as in the wonderful divine poem *Tiruvachakam*.[2] He hates so much that pride of learning which leads to spiritual downfall that he exclaims that the unlearned men are the lucky and happy and good men[3] (கல்வாத வர்கள் நல்லவர்கள் நல்லவர்கள்). He points out how by pondering on life we find that what men do day after day centres round eating and sleeping[4]

1 Poem No XIV

2 *Thiruvachakam* is the work of Saint Manicka-vachakar, one of the four Great Acharyas —Teachers—of Saiva School of Thought.

3 Poem No LVI

4 Poem No. XXIII

(எல்லாம யோகிக்கும் வேளையிற் பகிதீற வுண்பதுவ உறங்குவதுமாக முடியும்). He teaches how life is but a bubble (*kumizhi*)[1] and is as evanescent and false as the lightning[2] (மின்னேய பொய்யுடலே நிலையென்றும), and how our family and social relations are but the meetings of persons at a fair[3] (சுகைதயிற் கூட்டம). He is equally remarkable in his description of the Godward-leading virtues. He points out how if we love God, God Himself reveals Himself in our heart and becomes our Teacher. Our worship and devotion and prayerfulness bring to us His Grace (*Arul*). But our devotion should be pure and sincere and heartfelt and passionate[4] (நெக் குருகி) and should be the deepest force in our life.

1 Peem No XXVIII.
2 Poem No. XXXVIII.
3 Poem No. LXXXIV
4 Poems Nos. LXIV, LXVII, LXVIII

The philosophical aspect of his teachings is even fuller and richer and has a special value in these days when to our social and political discords we add disharmonies of spiritual thought as well. All the essential ideas of Hindu thought are found in his poems. The doctrines of *karma* and rebirth are expressed by him in a clear and convincing way. He says that creation is due to God's Grace which yearns to launch the bound souls on their course of evolving self-expression for the attainment of the bliss of freedom and of the freedom of bliss. He states also the doctrine of *Maya* and shows how it is the meeting point of *Karma* and *Leela* (divine sport) and *Kripa* (grace). He says that *Jnana* (realisation in wisdom) will confer *Mukti* (liberation)

on us[1] (ஞானமலை நாகத்திகூடுமோ). It will bring us the divine *Anugraha* (grace) which will convert the copper of our earthly life into the pure gold of bliss[2] (பத்தமாற்று தங்கமாக்கியே).

But philosophy would be a poor thing indeed if it is mere creed or dogma or intellectual synthesis and nothing more. It must touch conduct on the human level and divine grace on the divine level if it is to have any value for man. One of the most admirable aspects of Tayumanavar's philosophy is its power of linking conduct and grace by means of practical *Sâdhanas* (means). He shows the value of *Karma* and *Japa* and *Dhyana*. He stresses the value of wearing holy ashes, going to temples, doing acts of piety and philanthrophy, and an attitude of love

1 Poem No XXXIV.

2 Poem No. XXX.

for all. In the group of poems with the refrain *Tejomayanandame*[1] he refers to the *Ajapâ mantra*. He specially emphasises again and again the value of *Yoga* as the means of the supreme *Bhakti* and the supreme *Jnana*.

Another characteristic of Tayumanavar's life and work which is invaluable in these days of separativeness and discord is his synthesis of Vedanta and Siddhanta, of the Saiva and Vaishnava cults, and of the Vedic and Agamic Sâdhanas. In these days when the Saivites are shouting in shrill tones demanding the dissociation of Agamas from the Vedas, when the Vaishnavas try to turn Siva into a Jiva and the Saivas return the compliment with equal vigour, and when the

1 Poems Nos XLIV to LI.

theory of defunct Tamil Vedas is adumbrated, the only safe guide and teacher is Saint Tayumanavar. He calls his Teacher as the spiritual descendant of Tirumular[1] (மூலன் மரபில் வருமௌனகுருதேவ) and refers to Chariya and Kriya and Yogam and Jnanam, and to Malam and Maya and Karmam, and to Pati, Pasu and Pasam; and he refers at the same time to the Vedas and to Siva and Vishnu[2] (வித்துஹரிவான ஞானகுருதேவ) with equal reverence and adoration.

The most admirable trait in Tayumanavar is his clear and glorious vision of God the Supreme Beauty and Love and the creator and preserver and destroyer of the universe and God the Absolute. In a wonderful poem he declares that the Dwaita

1 Poems Nos XXXV to XLIII.

2 Poem No. XLVII

realisation leads to the Adwaita realisation.[1]

ஓதரிய துவிதமே யித்துவித ஞானத்தை
யுண்டுபண்ணு ஞானமாகும்.

The author has by this work presented the great Poet-Saint's work to the World and has thus enabled India as well as the rest of the World to overcome the manifold ills and griefs of modern life and to taste the divine nectar of God—Love and God-realisation.

ஓயாதோ வென்கவலை ? உள்ளே யானந்த வெள்ளம
பாயாதோ ? ஐயா ! பகராய் ! பராபரமே.[2]

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI.

MADRAS
13th April 1930

1 Poem No. LXXIV.

2 *Cf. Tr.*—
Will my grief fatigue not? The flood of bliss
Shall not flow in? O Sire, do not tell! O Eternal!
—TAYUMANAVAR.

If to serve Thy devotees am I
destined,
Spontaneous shall be the Blissfulness,
O Eternal!

—Tayumanavar.

Angengunathapadi

SALUTATION:

To That which is the Infinite Grace brimming with Bliss, shining not only here and there but everywhere;

To That which desiring the multitude of Universes within the ocean of grace, grows in all the created beings as the life's Life;

To That which is unreachable by mind and words;

To That which is the cause of innumerable endless disputes amongst countless sects that each of them claims for its own God the

rightful ownership of perfect Godhood ;

To That which is the Supreme Intelligence, the Eternal Bliss that is ever unreachable by these endless disputes ;

To That which is the ocean of White devoid of day and night ;

For that is That which meets with every reason of every disputant.

O Salutation to That Eternal Peace, which expresses Itself out in this serene scene of the seeming objects.

II

Nityamâi nirmalamâi

Behold that Infinite Vacuum which is the origin of Bliss and the Supreme Intelligence that is ineffable and unthinkable, the Abyss of Bliss, the Origin of All ;

That which is pure, far and near, the burning flame, free from stain, the spotless, the Eternal and the Unmanifested !

III

Yedu mana ninayumantha

Behold that harmless Conflagration and the highest Intelligence, which is the mind of all objects thought by the mind ;

Which is equally inherent in every object and the life of life of every being ;

That which gives its lovers the fountain of ambrosia that intoxicates with divinely bliss !

IV

Peru veliyai aimbhudam

Behold that Great Void of Space whence came forth the five great elements ;

Whence does come the great silence of peace ;

Whence does come the ineffable and unthinkable bliss, which is very dear to comprehend even when guided by the spiritual Teacher—Guru—or even when being hemmed in by the best spiritual giants !

V

Igaparmu muyirkuyirai

Oh, fold and raise both the hands; let the eyes shed streams of pearls in profuse, and march in quest of ambrosia, the juice of fruits, the sugar-candy and the cooling honey, the life of Turiya the state of super-consciousness, the ever unstained ocean of eternal bliss, the driving friend of *I* and *Mine,* the liveliness of heaven and earth !

VI

Jathi kulam pirappirappu

Behold that Brimming Grace, the lofty goal that is liable to no error;

The Turiya life that bursts and blooms the bud of mind ;
The pure hollow of Space ;
The Blazing Light that permeats everywhere and in every object, binding not to birth and death, bond and release, devoid of name and form, of caste and creed !

VII

Indra jalang kanavu

Behold day by day that lotus feet of the Master of Silence, who streamest down with ever increasing blissful flood to the joy of heart without even a day's break ;
Who pourest down the blessings of the earthly life with the revelation of Divine knowledge that reveals the world to be full of dream and illusion and of water in mirage.

VIII

Porulagak kandathum

Cry and long for the lustrous light
that dispels the darkness; the out
and inward joy of bliss of the
graced Ones ;
That thickened honey drinkable by
the ardent devotees to drive away
the penury of heart ;
The Chief of all these seeming objects
and their lives, and the Rest

IX

Arumarayin sirepporulai

Pray to the Supreme Great that is to
be found in Turiya state, as fra-
grance in flower, oil in seed, soul
in body ;

Which is the mine of hidden treasures beyond the reach of reason and the guide of Siddhas, of great Munis, and of Devas in heaven ;
Which is the crest-jewel of all the holy precious scriptures.

X

Vinnathi bhuda melam

O My Lord ! who unhesitatingly mercifyest upon thy devotees and makest them just thyself ;
The Ocean of Bliss in the orb of thy devotees' eyes that visioned thee before to the fullness of their eyes of wisdom ;
The Empteous Vacuum with earth and other elements within the womb ;
I raise the lotus palms of my hands above the head, remembering thy cooling grace and thy calm mercy !

XI

Vinniraintha veliyayen

O Lord of Fame! who art the ceaseless bliss, and the great void filled with air;

The ethereal ambrosia filling the void within and without my heart;

O Great everlasting Bliss! my extreme love of thine from the very bottom of my heart melts my mind, slips my words, gladdens my eyes to sprinkle with tears of love, and my hands full of thy grace fill my heart!

XII.

Adiyanthang kattatha

O The Source of All! that showest neither the Beginning nor the End;

O My Guardian and Guru! that all along tookst a care of my growing welfare to specially train me as a servant of thine;

O The Eternal Truth! away from the thoughts and words, the stainless and the remaining rest;

O The Radiant Splendour! to the silent seers, dear to reach by the logical disputes of the different sects;

O My life's life! thee I worship with my hands raised folded and my eyes shedding with tears of love!

XIII

Agara vooyirezuththanaithum

O Lord of creatures! O Letter of Letters! living in and out of every created object and animated being;

Both the Manifested and the Unmanifested, the Chief of all! the indescribable embodiment of noble wisdom, the uncorruptible and unbindable; O Father of all!

Thee I worship with an ardent love, under the grip of which I groan and sigh.

XIV

Vacha kainkaryam

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation!

I have not learnt and practised the art of stilling the steam of mind, except that of flippant talk;

I pretend sticking to the path of Saints, seeming helpful and doing good to others surrounding;

Oh, if I forget even this pretention, I would then fall asleep;

My heart grieves and I bemoan when I think of the perishable nature of my physical body;

Oh! this frail fool is remote from the abode of thy indescribable eternal bliss!

O All giving Karpaka tree! bearing the fruits that exude ambrosial honey, pluckable by those blessed beings that are not facing towards the desert of desires! have'st mercy upon this wildest dog too and grace'st with that gloriest knowledge that leads to thy eternal abode.

XV

Therivaga voorvana

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation!

Is my own attainment for the spiritual unfoldment not fully significant when thou hast of thy own accord come and impart:

That these forms of innumerable kinds of worms and insects, birds

and flies and other creeping, crawling and bending animals, and beings of mankind are all of the essence of elements and are liable to perish as surely as their birth ;

That, when the great elements dissolve into one another and finally become completely extinct, what remains there is That which is the vacuity of Intelligence ;

That which is the supportless Supreme ;

That which is the infinite Vacuum ;

That which is the Wisdom of all Vedas and Upanishads ;

That which is the Grace of the Infinite Light ;

That which is the Supreme Plane attainable by the blessed Ones ;

That which is the Plane of Perfect Peace where there is no birth and death ?

XVI

Ariyum velayir

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation!

Even those sedate Sages, who rest on their supreme felicity with their minds in the moon-like coolness, get their serenity severely shattered when a slightest rage enters into them, and get wild and scold;

Even the skilful orators that are well trained in the art of speech and of exposition of any of the subjects, miss the trend of thought and babble on something;

Even those who took a vow of not to sleep throughout the auspicious

night of God Siva get a conscious secret sleep ;

Considering all these, O my Lord, I am led to suppose even Brahma and others have no command over these earthly and other events except that of Divine Thine.

XVII

Andabhagir andamoom

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation !

The whole Universe is the modification of Prakritti-Matter. Behind this Matter there permeates a Sense of Bliss. Beyond this Bliss there expands throughout the eight sides of the compass the Divine Intelligence which is

nothing but the Grace of no more than One Almighty Thine.

Casting off my *I* and *Mine* and remaining here immersed in the highest state of supreme felicity—Turiya state—is all my ambition. But when I attempt to close my eyelids for at least a second's meditation in quest of that real state, keeping my organs under my control, my all past karmas to which I owe my debt of birth, come and fight. Oh! would I yield to this embodiment of the remnant of past?

XVIII

Santhathamu menathu seyal

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation!

At all times is thy command, and I am separate not from thee, for naught but thee is everywhere.

Thou art the central point whereat meet "Vedanta and all Siddhantas".

Thou dost know the melting down of my mind to find out this real state of Absolute Truth. Oh! when I wish to remain for a while in this state with my mind well subjugated, there comes, O my Lord, the wicked enemy of deluding darkness to haunt and take its root into my heart!

Oh! my mind wonders whether this deluding darkness would bind me down to take birth again on earth! O my Lord, hand me down the sword of faith and teach me thy truest wisdom to cut out the root of birth and death! and thus save, and take care of me.

XIX

Bhudalaya maghindra

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation!
Some style the First Cause as Mula-Prakritti the Primordial Force into which the great quintuple elements dwindle to nothing;
Others say That Object is there where absorb the organs of sense and of action;
Some say that the End is there where ends the modification of mind, and some where qualities end;
And others assert That is *Nada* the eternal musical Sound, and still others *Bindu* the Seed;
Still some say we are That and all the forms are That;

And still some assert that they went in deep and dare to say that Formless is That, Qualityless, full of Grace, Infinite Vacuum, and so on and so forth.

Oh! all these do but oscillate my mind and not at all give the supreme felicity!

XX

Anthakharaththai yoragamâkki

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation!

Who was it that bound my intelligence by bond and limit, and placed it in the dome of ignorance as a spark of fire?

Who was it that read out to that intelligence to write on my head

to bind itself down to what attracted that ?

Who was it that made it to sleep into the cage of flesh taking it for real, and feeding it often without caring to acquire that supreme felicity of eternal happiness ?

Is it all the Desires of my own that gave me my earthly father and mother and other my worldly belongings ?

Oh ! am I to be blamed ? or are others to be blamed ? or is the time to be blamed ? or are past causes (karmas) that effected the birth to be blamed ? Oh ! whom to blame I know not the great mystery !!

XXI

Varadela moziya

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation!

It was thee who didst grace me with this consciousness to witness all that come, and all that go;

Who didst give me the intelligence to investigate the universal meanings of the Philosophies of Vedanta and Siddhantas;

Who didst spread the lessons that teach that this unreal body is unreliable;

Who didst give me that internal love to dive deep into the vast

depth to find out that that it is the everlasting bliss alone that is the Eternal Abode.

And if thou still hast a least mind of protecting me from, who relies upon only thy companionship, thou shouldst bless me to remain unbreakably attached to that Eternal Peace that is unknown to Heaven and Earth.

XXII

Azazì karaiyindri ñirkavilayo

O Infinite Bliss, immanent everywhere, wherever seen without separation.!

Does not the deepest sea stand without banks ?

Did not the ocean of venemous poison turn into that of ambrosia?

Was not the flaming fire ablaze without extinction in the middle of ocean?

Do not the multitude of Universes remain unsupported in the middle of void without falling down?

Did not the mount Meru bend and form as a bow?

Do not the Seven Clouds move under the command of Indra the holder of Vajrayutha?

Did not the dead-like stone turn into a lively woman under the name of Akalika by the touch of Rama's feet?

Are there not scattered many Mantras and Tantras that bring to the persons success in their worldly pursuits?

Ah, is it a difficult task for thee,
O my Lord, to turn this wretched
mind of mine along the inner
path of Thine ?

XXIII

Aṣaikkorala villai

O Infinite Bliss, immanent every-
where, wherever seen without
separation !

The desires have no end at all. Even
though they reign over the whole
lands of the world, still they will
wish to extend their reign over
the surface of waters !

Even though they are bestowed with
a huge heap of wealth equal to
that of Kupera the King of
Wealth, still they will wish to
learn the art of coining money
on chemical methods—*Rasayara !*

Even though they lived sufficiently long and enjoyed every blessed thing, still they will go on hunting after the art of lengthening life—*Kayakalpa*—and, by their futile attempts, make their hearts severely wounded.

After all, what are the results of their efforts? except that they fed their stomachs and they slept?

Oh! I am quite contented with what I possess, O my Lord! Grant me that unbreakable state of Eternal Peace, whereat will die my furious mind, without leaping from this to that with *I* and *Mine*, and finally falling into the Sea of Desires!

XXIV

Angaiyodu malar doovi

O Blissful Master of Intelligence!
O Dakshnamurti that comest to shine at the crown of head!
O Liberating Chief of Siddantas seated on the red lotus Throne under the banyan tree!
Thou hast taught pure Sanaka and other Munis by the side of thine with their folded hands, the precious knowledge of the spiritual wisdom by a word of Thine.
Wouldst thou grace and save this wicked me, too? who is not on the Path of Wisdom that would make my hands to shower with flowers, that would tremble my

body, and melt my mind by the heat of Love, spring and flood the river of tears, and drown me into the ocean of burning desire for the attainment of liberation, while I loudly cry: 'O Sankara! O Swayambhu!! O Sambhu!!!'

XXV

Akkai yenu midigarayai

O Blissful Master of Intelligence!
O Dakshnamurti that comest to shine at the crown of head!
O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
While this sinner believes in the bank of body of flesh and bones as real and true, the aspiration for the atonement with that Adwaita, looks like the lame man that longs for honey at the branch of a tree!

Oh! then, where is the way opened to me to attain that Blissful Happiness?

Oh, it was indeed very unwise of me that all along I was addicted not to the practice of treading the path by any of the Sadhanas—Sariya, kiriya, yoga and jnana!

Apart from this I ask now thee: 'When will come the time for thee to grace and devise a course for me to get into that Infinite Object? reachable not by mind and words, that Great Form of Intelligence belonging not to any of the paths, and to block up all the channel-valves and to stagnate and to fill up the reservoir with Blissful Happiness?

XXVI

Avviya mìrukka nanengra

O Blissful Master of Intelligence!
O Dakshnamurti! that comest to shine at the crown of head!
O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
If it is to be surmised that for thee to dwell in me no room is there in the chamber of my intellect, for I am filled with pride and envy and egoism combined with the stinginess and ungracefulness, bound by the devil of desires and all other vices, then does the attribute of thine as the Omnipresence offer us any other meaning?
O the Balm of Wisdom! that offerest unasked to cure the unconscious

state of lives under the tie of bondage? O Glorious Mountain grown in the field of Liberation?

XXVII

Aiwagai yenum bhootha mathiyai

O Infinite Spirit of Wisdom! binding not to birth and death, living in the intellects of the truthful beings to whom the false and lie are as naught!

O the Embodiment of Pranava the mystic sound! the end of all the divinely Vedas!

Thou hast shuffled and divided the five great elements;

Divided many animate and inanimate beings in the myriad of Universes;

Divided thy intelligence according to the individual merit;

Divided many codes and scriptures
suitable to their intellectual
growths;
Divided many Sects and Religions
as their means to the life's end;
And beyond these means thou hast
made thy seatless universal silent
abode.
And for me to attain thee hast thou
not divided thy grace, O Fairy
scene of phenomena, not to be
seen by the bearers of hearts
where grow lie and false?
O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas?
O Dakshnamurti that comest
to shine at the crown of head?
O Blissfull Master of Intelligence?

XXVIII

Ainthu vagai yagindra

During all along that I know not the body I wear which is made up of ether and other elements, is a floating bubble on the surface of water, I was under the grip of thought that eating, clothing and enjoying all the earthly pleasures that were extended to my hands, were the only godward journey;

But since thy grace has come and taught how such a veil of thought made its exit I know not. They do yield not to whatever kind of smiling talk.

But, when thinking of the shaft of death with the seed of birth, it hotly beats the heart of mine,

loses the eyes to have even a wink of sleep, melts the body day and night as the flaming fire does with wax; what is the reason? I ask;

O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas? O Dakshnamurti that comest to shine at the crown of head? O Blissful Master of Intelligence?

XXIX

Karitta vanuvak karuvaṙai

O Father! who became the universal Mother!

Thou hast brought us forth from the womb of blackish Ego where we as senseless eyeless babes were confined to ourselves there;

Here, to guard our safety thou hast detailed many a watcher of miseries;

With many an attribute appropriate to call them by thou hast ascribed them;

To grow ~~our~~ thus perishable body of flesh and bones that we pride in boasting as real and lasting thou dost feed us with the earthly products.

To play our parts thou hast made this world a playing field where we play this wonderful game of birth and death.

If thy orders and commands are disobeyed by us thou as a Judge sentencest us.

When thou dost release us thou smiling at singest the song:

"You go and rest in the Abode of Bliss where there is no dawn and dusk."

Such are thy pleasures—the observance of thy rites and ceremonies towards thy children!

O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
O Dhakshnamurti! that comest
to shine at the crown of head!
O Blissful Master of Intelligence!

XXX

Karumaravoo gugaiyanaiya

O Second to None! O Famous and
Beloved that is back of all,
Vedanta and Siddhantas, who
acceptest me and growest within
the intellects of all the devotees,
and art seated under the banyan
tree at Mount Kailas!

While I was about to enter into the
cave of a womb, and lay there
as copper covered by rust, thou
hast created, and melted by, the
fire of Wisdom; and by touching
it at the nick of time by the
pill of thy grace thou hast

changed into that of gold and
made me just thy truthful servant.
Oh, how can I adequately describe
thy mercy!
O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
O Dakshnamurti that comest to
shine at the crown of head!
O Blissful Master of Intelligence!

XXXI

Kooduthaludan pirithalatru

O Master of Silence! It was thee
who hast silently shown me that
eternity of everlasting blissfulness,
being drunk with the ambrosial
draught from the lake of bliss,
Being devoid of speech and thought,
Of first and second,
Of decay and of elemental change,
Of Nada and Bindu the sound and
seed,

Of any side of the compass that can be sensed by tongue,
Of approachability and corruptibility,
Of any lasting mark of identification,
Of evolution and involution,
Of any quality of expansion and compaction,
Of bindingness and of unity and diversity!
O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
O Dakshnamurti that comest to shine at the crown of head!
O Blissful Master of Intelligence!

XXXII

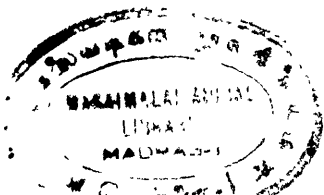
Tharatha arulelanth

To pour on me all the rare bestowed grace of thine, thou hast silently showed thy motherly mercy by crowning my head with thy lotus feet, and by whispering:

"The internal Samadh is the only eternal path. Unseeingly seeing with no sort of discrimination of the sensual feelings, with no Mantras to swallow in and to digest, saying not the state of Liberation is of a kind or two, sensing it not as light or space, nor form or sound, is the only way to attain that pathless land of Eternity."

I pray for being blest with thy grace,
O my Lord, to follow the path trodden by thy past devotees that had reached and remained ever at this eternal land.

O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
O Dakshnamurti! that comest to shine at the crown of head!
O Blissful Master of Intelligence!



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XXXIII

Buadhamayathi nada

Screening my intellect so as to not to place my longing at thy infinite blissfulness that bears no birth and death, nor beginning, middle or end, but the sphere of incorruptibility, of purity and of wisdom, is but thy grace.

Screening with no other means left behind is too thy grace.

Still, lifting the screen and remaining thou face to face teaching me, is too, indeed, thy grace! Otherwise, how am I of the poorest folk to acquire thy wisdom? How could ignorance haunt me? Where are then the cause and effect? And where is the birth due to the prior cause?

Oh, there is not the least free-will
and independence of my own!
Wilt thou grace on me at least
from now forward to be ever
free from this blinding darkness
both in heaven and earth?
O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
O Dakshnamurti that comest to
shine at the crown of head!
O Blissful Master of Intelligence!

XXXIV

Bhakti neri nilai nintru

Leadiug the spiritual life,
Going all round about the world of
nine continents bathing in the
sacred seas and the holy rivers,
Standing in the centre of fire with
no feeling of hunger and thirst,
Remaining tranquil filling the
stomach with withered leaves,

blowing air and running water
at the call of hunger,
Entering into the cave of a mountain,
Having cleansed the ten chief nerves
in the body, creating the fire of
Muladhara by the air of apana,
and blowing it up to *Chandra-*
mandla the sphere of moon,
And drinking therefrom that un-
obtainable ambrosial draught,
and obtaining Siddhi of sustain-
ing this frail body for a lakh
of Kalpas,
Are all these of any avail to obtain
the Liberation without thy
Wisdom?
O Liberating Chief of Siddhantas!
O Dakshnamurti that comest to
shine at the crown of head!
O Blissful Master of Intelligence!

XXXV

Asaimgalathinai nirdulipada

All the while thou tookst care of
me thy servant to grow myself
as an elephant of wisdom in
the midst of thy graced Ones
that are drowned in the abyss
of bliss of Wisdom,
Fastening to the posture of *Chinmudra;*
Having shaken off the chain-lock of
desires;
Having the peg of anger extirpated;
Viewing the six tracks of Religion
as the six streams of water
running from, and to, the Sea
of Adwaita;
Treating the veil of Maya as the
shade of selves, and angering at,
staring up and swallowing in,
the wandering mind, removing

the crowning plate of the sheet of *Maya* on the crown of head,
And placing there a Lustrous Light—a Radiant Splendour.
O Teacher of Mantras! O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras! O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root!

XXXVI

Ainthu vagai yagindra

From down the earth and other four elements to the highest *Nada tattva* the Nature's Sound thou hast made it a Void, and placed my mind there in the deadened state at which rest all minds of the enlightened Ones,
Who in their pursuit of enlightenment had their faculty of Understand-

ing burst to fullness out of the gloomy dome of Ignorance.

That thou hast upon this flooded the stream of blissful wisdom and made myself to resemble That is, indeed, a fun of thine! O Father! who dost verily come to teach thy devotees:

That "The end of Vedas and of Agamas is but verily the One."

O Master! who hast come to teach the silent sermon on the essence of Scriptures!

O Teacher of Mantras! O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras! O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root!

XXXVII

Athikka nalkinavar yarintha

Who has emanated this Maya? But for my ignorance surely there could exist none!

Will the seeming flowers in the vacuous sky and the water in mirage serve any purpose in hand?

Oh, all my acquired wisdom is being obscured by this! Instead of being graced to surrender to thy feet I am being tempted by the seeming reality of this unreal world due to the daring display of this demoniac delusion.

Wilt thou be pleased to tell me when thou wouldst be pleased to grace on me with an inventive

measure to override this? O My Teacher of wisdom! who hast taught me all about the macrocosm and the manifestation of myriad of universes, and the establishment of the six religious groups, Vedanta and Siddhantas, and thy universal control over them all..

O Teacher of Mantras! O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras! O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root!

XXXVIII

Minnanaiya poiyudalai

O my Teacher of Wisdom! thou hast directed me by a word of thine to thy Universal Spiritual Gallery that is common to both Vedanta and Siddhantas,

Unbiased by any worldly sectarian path belonging to the earthly Lords,

Being not bound by the demon of avarice losing thereby all the virtues of quietness, of charitableness, of renunciation and the intellectual alertness by praising the unreal and perishable gold as an imperishable object,

By relying on the beauteous structure of many-storied mansions and palatial buildings as the only heaven and earth,

By relying on the pleasing company of the fairest women with their artificial ornamentation and perfumeries,

By relying on this perishable body comparable to the flashing lightning of the thundering clouds, as real and lasting.

O Teacher of Mantras! O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras! O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root!

XXXIX

Kallatha varivumer kelatha

I know of none of the virtues and noble qualities save of my possessions of an uncultured mind, neither by learning nor by listening, and of a heap of deeds that bore no mercy, killing and stealing and drinking and lying, with a lustful heart for others' wives,

I do only appear myself to be a MAN, but I do stick to none of the manly qualities (*Purushar-thas*) that a man as a Man should morally possess.

Nothing is unknown to Omniscient Thee and how wilt thou elevate me I know not!

To Those that see the darkness as dark the light is the guide. To me who surrendered unto thee thy grace is therefore my only guide!

"The Omnipotent" is an apt attribute of thine; dost thou not least think of saving this imposter, O Master of Wisdom?

O Teacher of Mantras? O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras? O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root?

XL

Kanaga milangu puli

At thy command the ferocious tiger in the forest jungle would play with cow; the wild roving elephant would carry the log of wood by his trunk;

Kamadenu the all-giving-divine-cow waiting at thy feet would inform of the readiness of thy dinner;

Bowing down to Thee all the earthly Kings and the kingly Poets do praise Thee as the Chief of Tapas, and pay their obeisance to Thee the King of Victory.

The moment they face thy countenance where Wisdom and Mercy took their birth the moment Satyananda and other eight Siddhas would like to have thy

acquaintance; and even Sukha, Vamadeva and other Jnanins would appraise thee.

Oh! is it within the bound of words to easily weave the glory of thine in front of whom all in heaven and earth fall in worship?

O Teacher of Mantras! O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras! O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root!

XLI

Saruga sala pakshani

When wilt thou send me thy call to repair to thee? who art seated at the Royal Throne decked with dazzling diamonds and brilliant gems resplendent to the naked eye,

Surrounded by a lakh of those that reaped Siddhi of mantras and of drugs,

Surrounded by many a lakh that deeply rest on their supreme felicity, with intense blissfulness knowing not the rolling of day and night, and binding not to cause and effect,

Surrounded by a lakh of lakhs that are not victims to death, drunken with the snow-white nectar that streams like *Sukara* birds,

Surrounded by a lakh of those who live on diet of withered leaves and pure plain water,

So that I may many a time bow down to thee; and, to fill up my emptiness, sprinkle at both thy feet the fragrant flowers?

O Teacher of Mantras? O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras? O Silent

Teacher that descends from the depth of Root ?

XLII

Angara mana kula

Mightier than the ruining ghost of egotism is the hunting devil of haughtiness.

It deludes my Intelligence; nay, it prevents me from entering into the heart of Truth;

It finds its seat ahead of me wherever I wish to, and venture to, rest at, and talks too much that is too hard to listen to;

It asserts itself of its being equal to Hari, Hara, Brahma and others;

It so firmly sticks up to its own self as an axle of a flying car does with the wheels;

It boasts itself of its own, interrogating: "Who is here equal to me?" and making an appearance just as unjust Ravana's attempts to reign all over the vacuous sphere, and to make all his own Empire.

Instead of being far away from it how long can I thy servant quarrel with it?

O Teacher of Mantras? O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras? O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root?

XLIII

Patru vegu vithamahì

Having this vain reptile mind that roves hither and thither attracted by many an object I have learnt not how to broadly praise the

glory of thine to the fullness of my joy. The dualism is indeed of narrowness of mind!

When anyone abuses a word in abrupt it blows my mind as heavily as it stricks my ears, fiercely fans the fire of anger to the blazing flame, and pierces my heart by which I lose the poise of reason and discrimination, and, as a desperate lunatic, begin to prattle.

How can such an I learn the path of Liberation? How to be indifferent to pain and pleasure?

Notwithstanding, My Lord, I keep my reliance upon the One Word of Thine thou hast taught me, as a mountain in aim.

O Teacher of Mantras! O Teacher of Yogas and Tantras! O Silent Teacher that descends from the depth of Root!

XLIV

Mannathi aiyenthodu

Ah, what a wonder! The earth and other four elements, the five organs of action and the five of senses with their objects of perception, *anthakkarana* the mental faculties and the seven *Kalas*, all counting to ninty-six *tattvas*, have all entirely changed into the infinite ocean of eternal bliss after thy silent whisper of that single Word,

O Beautiful Scene! to the sight of thy devout servants that sing their songs with rhyme and resonance, strictly adhering to the divinely path, and making themselves fully matured by melting the hard stones of their

hearts, prostrating before thee and raising with their upraised folded hands, shedding tears as the flood of rivers that may seem to break away their banks!

O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing at the Royal Court of heart!

XLV

Ellam oonathadimaiye

The Rig and other Vedas widely proclaim:

"All are thy servants; All are thy belongings; All are under thy commands; Thou art immanent everywhere;"

These are what the speechless Saints, breaking their vow to the benefit of mankind, had expounded at length.

I know full well that these are what the sacred scriptures edited by all the Great Teachers, teach us all;

But in spite of this I am at this present state because of my sticking ~~up~~ not to what I have learnt and became not myself Bliss.

If thou dost destine this unlearned ignorant to excuse himself "this is also the grace of Thine," then how am I to survive, please my Lord!

O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing at the Royal Court of heart!

XLVI

Pattambakhar pozudai

Do I act just the part as that of
those that view the broad day
light as the gloomy darkness?
Though very explicity thou hast
taught in silent whisper the
One Word of thine to be myself
the infinite void extending to
every nook and corner, unmade
myself yet I remain;
And thinking myself as someone else
erected a tiny earthen hut;
Eating all along the food cooked
in that hut, and by finding
shelter under the shade of learn-
ing and of the heap of knowledge,
all my strength to learn how
to catch and tie the mind that
in the meanwhile sprouted out,

and to boldly assert the inexistence of such a duality as *you* and *I* have I lost!

When shall I be fit to thy mercy I know not!

O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing at the Royal Court of heart!

XLVII

Mei vida navulla

True it is that thou wert in the hearts of those whose tongues never parted with truth, and truly taught them all the truths that are really true; No doubt in this.

But if thou, living in the heart of this innocent creature, dost not allow not to say that all are

false but are true that are really false, what can this poor creature do?

O Guru that bearest the ineffaceable mark of *Nila*?

O Vishnu the Teacher of Wisdom?

O Brahma the Preacher of Vedas?

O God of each and every Religion?

O Saviour of those who seek thy shelter, and existing in whom dost thou enlighten them?

O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing at the Royal Court of heart?

XLVIII

Panne nunakkana pujaiyoru

No, I would not, for I do not at all, perform the proper worship to Thee in thy Conditioned Form;

In the garden of flowers where I go at every twilight to gather

flowers to offer to thee there I see thee in every flower inseparably embracing with; so I dare not plucking those blossoming flowers.

Or, to worship thee with my hands folded and raised, I am filled with shame, for it forms a part-worship as thou in the shrine of my heart remainest unworshipped!

Is it then proper worship, O Vacuous Air? O The Elements? O The Music? O The Vedas? O The Vedanta? O The Noble Knowable?

O The germinating Seed in the field of Knowable?

O The Germination of seed?

O My eyes? O My heart? O My Intelligence? O My Letter? O The Form of silence fit to rest at?

O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing at the Royal Court of heart?

XLIX

Santhathamum Vedamozi

As always the Vedas proclaim that at whichever one is ever rest attached the same will take its shape and, in course of time, will find its place, they that always rest in their higher spiritual contemplation do not at all think of death that awaits ahead even though they are seemingly engaged in the earthly negotiations.

Oh, to them that know not their own selves is this not to be told, for, if, there will arise many a dispute!

Were they of divine-natured Markhanda, Sukha and other Munis not Eternals, that were

universally recognised? O God
of gods that is being worshipped
by Brahma and other gods;
By Indra and other demi-gods;
By all the Munis of Rig and other
Vedas;
By the innumerable Ghananathas;
By Sathianatha and other eight
Siddhas;
By Sun and Moon and by Ghandar-
was and Kinnaras?
O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing
at the Royal Court of heart?

L

Thullumariya manathu

My unenlightened mind in swing
have I killed;
Far off gone are the ghosts of
Karma;

Thy bathing stream the God of Cosmic-Consciousness is this thy devout servant's flow of Love;
The flame of camphor is my soul;
My higher intelligence and the power of will are the incense to Thee;
Not for merely this single moment! but for ever and ever, and, once for all, I hand them over to Thee, havest mercy, O Collected Ambrosia through the filter of Vedas!
O Purest Honey, O Sweet, O Gathered Sweet of all Heavenly Juices!
O Insatiating Bliss! O My Good Friend that smilingly pacest towards this deceiver's intelligence to embrace with!
O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing at the Royal Court of heart!

LI

Ingatrapadi angum

Knowing that the seed of earthly life will germinate in the field of heaven the enlightened ones render service to humanity in general;
They do but speak sweetly words;
They associate not with offensive lies;
Pity and sympathy do they show, and no art of injury do they learn.
Living within such resolved beings carefully watching the course of all events thou dost give them both in heaven and earth all such pleasures as are obtainable from Devas—Karpaka and

Santhana, O Arrow that comes to pierce the lion of my bonds that pounces upon me!
O Sun that dispels my deluding darkness!
O Graceful Aerial Boat plying across the boundless ocean of divinely bliss for this poor creature's crossing the stream of desires and reaching the shore!
O Lord of Mercy, joyfully dancing at the Royal Court of heart!

LII

Ennariya piravi

Of all the births of countless creatures the birth of that of human kind is of very rare of rarities;
If this birth is lost the kind of birth that would happen next to this

and the events that may come to pass I know not;

It would then indeed be wise of me if I, while living in this vastness of land, repair to the aerial sphere of thy grace, there mingle with the moving clouds that melt and down the eternal pour of everlasting blissful rain, and thus broaden my intellect?

To sustain until then my dwelling hut to no sort of any deterioration I the servant of thine pray for the flow of nectar from the orb of Moon by the grace of Mother.

O Assemblage of Siddhas who attained this lofty stage common to both Vedanta and Siddhantas!

LIII

Poithikalu moolakanadai

What shall I say of the course of the world that dominates falsism? Ah! what shall I say!!

Days are spent in search of food to feed and grow this frail body, and fully fed to fall asleep. This is but an erroneous course; has become of everybody's habit; and is not at all the proper duty that ought to be of men in the land! This kind of course is indiscriminately open to all eyeless blinds, too!

Ah, when will the time come when this blind habit will come to a standstill I know not! O King of the Empire of eight-limbed

Yoga, erecting the staff of Yoga-danta, and hoisting the flag of Yoga victory on the summit of golden Meru surrounded by the eight other mountains, and shading down as an umbrella of the blackish clouds! O Noble Peace!!

O Assemblage of Siddhas who attained this lofty stage common to both Vedanta and Siddhantas!

LIV

Anile pennule

Among the throng of either of the sexes on the plane of earth is there any such ignorant as myself?

I have never seen my flying mind in the whirling wind being controlled for even a second!

I have never thought of, but thy grace, venturing to kindle the fire of Mula, by drawing the eyelids close together and restraining the breaths in order to approach the radiant Moon!

Gone astray all my knowledge acquired by my learning and listening to and consequently I became the product of the world in false.

To prevent me who is below a dog from further this frivolous strolling I pray unto thee to show thy presence as perceptibly as a mountain in aim.

O Assemblage of Siddhas who attained this lofty stage common to both Vedanta and Siddhantas.

LV

Kannalamu thenanavu

Never before have I ever been taught to taste as just as that of sugarcane juice, of three fruits' jam and of sugarcandy, but all that I cry and weep in this ghostly manner and think and speak are attributable to both my ignorance and my enlightenment upon which this garland of words I weave in the language of Tamil.

As this garland of Tamil is pregnant with the perfume of Love the world will never mock at that.

O Highly cultured attained Siddhas! when such a day will come? when I would be gladdened to listen to the world's: "Who

was he that wove this garland of words?"; and on your reply their kindly words with a nod and gesture of approbation: "He ought to have been a man of somewhat meekness."?

O Assemblage of Siddhas who attained this lofty stage common to both Vedanta and Siddhantas?

LVI

Kallathavergale nallavargal

Good amongst good are they that are quite unlearned.

What shall I say of my senseless doings though steeped in learning?

What shall I say of the inertness of my intelligence? If the really wise discourse on the highest

spiritual topics I will at once fight to establish the supremacy of Yoga of Action for the man's salvation. If another comes to establish the importancy of Yoga of Action I will then fight for the Divine Wisdom to be the Chief of all.

If any erudite scholar in Aryan language dares to come forward I will endeavour to show my own erudition in Dravidian language.

Nay, if any well-versed scholar in Dravidian language comes in turn I will then indeed quote many a crore of verses from the lore of Sanskrit literature in defence of my argument.

What an earthly use of this art of learning which stands as base for ever-continuing contradiction

leading to no final victory?
Will this offer us Liberation?
O Assemblage of Siddhas who attained this lofty stage common to both Vedanta and Siddhantas?

LVII

Kollamai ethinai

How many evil qualities will be off should the quality of non-killing exist in me!
How many horrible evils hast thou allowed to haunt in me in whom exists not this quality?
How strong is the sense of bias that was by thee given to me?
How many mighty evil qualities are allowed by thee to inhabit in me?
How dull hast thou made me with the ruining quality of ignorance?

Haughtiness, the deception of mind, heedlessness to any noble discourse, to the divinely path that leads to the goal, an indulgence in the wicked society, vain vagary on the worthless objects, the fondness of this frail body that is magical in its deterioration, and how many such evils that thou hast bestowed on me?

True, I am a servant of Thine; to them too am I servant?

O Infinite Eternal Bliss! encompassing the entire macrocosm and microcosm?

LVIII

Marupadu darganthodukka

They do know how to dispute their own controversies;

They will leave their minds to greedily wander round and round making all the heaven and earth mixed up together, for the sake of stomach of a palm's breadth;

They will ostentatiously make their artificial shows outward;

They know well to mutter mantras with their minds wandering somewhere;

They will spread out their own gospels of Truth as if they had themselves arrived at the entire Truth, and will open a market of their own;

They do know to stop the course of their breaths and to so redden their eyes as of those of terrible tigers;

They do know to trumpet their meanest trade of making their own religion to be known as the best of the lot;

But who knows Thee that playest by the sides of all the six tracks of path ?
O Infinite Eternal Bliss encompassing the entire Macrocosm and Microcosm ?

LIX

Kayilai uthirntha kani

Remaining as recluse in a cave of blackish mountain, resembling a black rocksof stone ;
Eating and drinking at the call of hunger and thirst the withered leaves and fruits and water ;
Bathed at the sacred pools sitting by the side of Five-Fire ;
Resting in deep concentration until the body dwindles to frames of skins and bones ;

Exposing themselves to the face of sun and restraining their flowing breaths with the weighty locks of hairs on their heads being a place of birds' resort;

Stilling the minds and remaining as silent recluses;

Drinking the nectar draining down from the orb of Moon by the heat of their spiritual fire;

The great Jnanins of yore had all along sought for the Truth of the Sacred Texts.

Is it proper that this thy servant alone should remain here yearning for the earthly pursuits?

O Infinite Eternal Bliss encompassing the entire macrocosm and microcosm?

LX

Kararu manuvakkattai

O Super-consciousness in the secret
void, incomparable to any of the
Greatest Beings!
It is thy duty bound to show thy
person spontaneously to my sight,
and to fill up my cup craving
for mingling with thy devout
servants,
Who have had devastated the gloomy
forest of their haughtiness,
Splitted out the hard rocky stones of
their *I*-ness,
Ploughed the fields of their minds and
exposed it to the open sky,
Sown the seeds of silent repose that is
unknown to heaven and earth,
Watered the fields with the flow of
Love.

Protected the shoots until they grew
up to plants to the best of their
manliness, from the destruction
by the mighty bird of *Mayadevi;*
And who standing aright reaped the
crops, sumptuously ate and enrap-
tured!
O Infinite Eternal Bliss encompassing
the entire macrocosm and micro-
cosm.

LXI

Vanathi bhudama yagilanda

Though Thou and I be in One, making
ether and other elements, the
vast macrocosm, the mountains
and waters, the Sun and Moon
and all other objects in existence
into a Great Divine Ocean, still,
parting not with the *I*, chatting
with the *I* and *I* and *I*, making

my self the very form of *I*, and thus being in ignorance though am steeped in learning, is but my destiny!

Is it easy to excel it?

Is it easy to wake him up who before the sun-set closing his eyes presumes sleeping?

Which of the courses is then capable to enlighten me? Alack, my ill-fate is quite injustice; to whom to complain!

O Infinite Eternal Bliss encompassing the entire macrocosm and microcosm!

LXII

Poiyinen pulayinen

Should thou dost have a mind to leave me aside bearing in mind my being a liar, a killer and eater

of flesh, a wicked one who sticks up not to what he has learnt to the fullness of thy grace, bearing the characters of ignorants', most peevish and craving for the seeming objects, a wild, mad, meanest and gravest sinner, is there aught than to meet many a pitfall wilt though please tell me, O Purest Being? O Truthful Being? O The Embodiment of Mercy that leavest never the shrine of wises' intellect, who do cry in praise of Thee: "O Life's Life and Friend! O Incomparable Supreme in the super-consciousness! O Far-off-Being, even beyond That! O Lord, living in the crest of the Sacred Scriptures! O Father!"?

O Infinite Eternal Bliss encompassing the entire Macrocosm and Microcosm!

LXIII

Ethinai vithangadan

In spite of my steepness in learning
and ardent listening my mind
has not at all come to a stillness
yet.
Not even a grain's breadth has the
haughtiness of my *I* stirred
about.
Still haunts about my heart the
fondness for attaching on every
object.
No alms-giving and showing mercy
did I do ever in my life.
Never in dream have ever I thought
of doing any austerity nor of
fasting.
Not even an atom of truth so dear
as to serve a drug's purpose

was ever uttered by me save of lies.

Oh, I am a worthless human waste who, except teaching others, never rests quiet in the grace of thine.

Hast thou ever heard of such an embodiment of evils that ever existed on the face of the earth?

O Infinite Eternal Bliss encompassing the entire Macrocosm and Microcosm?

LXIV

Innamuthu kanipaku

Thy ardent devotees whom thou hast had once embraced and gavest such sweet pleasures as the taste of honey, of sugar and candy, of juice of fruits, of molasses and sweet ambrosia, do often

brood over such an event and, by the excess heat of their intense love of thine, really sense the feeling of actual enjoyment in their intellectual intercourse, and day by day they become mad, their melting body dwindling to atoms.

If a maiden that had all along held the enjoyment of sexual union to be of severe bitterness, happens one day at her blooming age to meet with the embrace of her beloved husband, that evolves an actual enjoyment of sexual union, she would often indeed within herself smile and shy! and laugh at her past deluded notion that she all the while held in view!

Likewise should this slave of thine who is ever ready to obey thy command, happen to meet with

thy Mercy then only begins there the joy of bliss!

O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord! O Great Splendour! O Pool of Bliss!

LXV

Anbinvazi yeriyathavennai

Thou hadst wooed me that does not know the path of Love,

Flooded in me prematurely the passion of Love at the immature age,

Maddened me after the lustful hunger so as to say my body by its heat is being lost in roast.

But didst thou ever once at least show thy mercy to mingle with me somehow or other, as the stream of bliss to the joy of my heart?

It is the full-blown flowers that bear the fragrance, that the bees do buzz round about; do the unblown buds?
While I thus lonely suffer for want of mere thy mercy alone, canst thou tell me, please, how can I attain to that Eternal Bliss that thy devotees had got?
O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord? O Great Splendour? O Pool of Bliss?

LXVI

Kallenu mayye oru kalathil

The stone at least would melt at times, alas, my stony heart does not do!
Is four-faced Brahma a Deity? to create even such a being that condescends not to thy mercy?

Is there any flaw in the wises' saying: "Thou art the Omnipotent"?

Oh, it is thy bounden duty to save me, O my Lord, by showing thyself as the void of sky and dropping down as the rain of bliss!

Is it judicious on the part of the mother to discard her own child should the innocent creature happen to be a wicked one? and is there anywhere else for the child to take a refuge?

If I am uttering false, too poor will I become, and remote will I remain from thy mercy.

Alas, noisy words do give no bliss! Dost grace me, please, to be calm and serene!

O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord! O Great Splendour! O Pool of Bliss!

LXVII

Enbela nekkudaiya

It is to those devotees, who by love bruise their bones, tilt their hairs, dwindle their bodies, melt their minds as wax in flame, rain their tears, and, giving up all their hopes, faintly fall down at thy feet, that thou wouldst expeditiously pour thy rain as the balm of ambrosia!

To whom hast thou made the slave of me who hasn't got the least love in heart?

That this filthy hut is made up of flesh and bones, skin and hairs, nerves and blood, and is exceedingly contemptuous, is not false. Relying such to be as real and lasting would I venture to go

on through this ruinous track ?
to wander in the field of misery ?
O Sir, I will never, even in dream,
want these earthly pleasures !
O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord !
O Great Splendour ! O Pool of
Bliss !

LXVIII

Arumbone moniye

I have sung my crying song : "O
Dearest Gold ! O Love and
Diamond ! O Intelligence that
shines in Love ! O Bliss that
springs out of the Intelligence !
....."
I have danced, searched for and
lovingly shouted ; then prated,
cried and thrilled ;
I raised my hands folded ; as the
clouds do rain my both the eyes

shed tears of love, and at last in utter despair languidly fallen into the depth of grief!

Though I be an hypocrite with an iron heart, yet have I ever had remained apart from thee?

Am I not a servant of thine from that very moment when thou hast born out?

Is it proper of thine to leave me uncared for even though I happen to be an utter ignorant, less worthy than a straw?

Oh, Let me mingle with the group of thy servants!

O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord! O Great Splendour! O Pool of Bliss!

LXIX

Parathi andangal

Thou hast taught me the hidden truth in the infinite vacuity where there are the multitude of universes;
Thou hast shown me the vastness of mind that inheres in the vacuous space;
Thou hast pointed out the spot to me where this sinner remains sunken in the ocean of mind;
Thou hast given me the serenity of mind to remain ever unbound;
Thou hast led me to a state of equilibrium the eternal repose in the depth of supreme contemplation;
And, still, to lead me to that extreme of the eternal abyss of bliss the

time is probably yet afar aback!
O Great Mass of Clouds that mercifully shouts all thy servants to swiftly gather themselves all together, ere thou, spreading thy wings of the flashing lightnings, darkening the deep sea of space, incessantly pourest in torrent the rain of bliss!
O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord!
O Great Splendour! O Pool of Bliss!

LXX

Bethitha samayamo

The divided Sects do not speak to one another;
The silent Saints are dived deep into the sea of Unconditioned, and do not open their lips to speak;

The three-eyed-Master comes as Guru only to an accepted few, and dictates in silent whisper only to their intelligence;

Then who is there to impart to me, my Lord, to attain to that everlasting blissfulness?

The Yogins claim the practice of Yoga to be the property of their own;

Should I choose to remain alone and hale, to dive deep into, and die within, my own self, there the fear that thou mayest then play a test by sending forth the deluding waves to my mind, comes in me; then how can I thy servant attain to that eternal happiness?

O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord! O Great Splendour! O Pool of Bliss!

LXXI

Andamudi thannilo

Where art thou residing? Is it on the topmost region of the infinite vacuity?
Is it on the bosom of the vacuous sky?
In the orb of Sun?
In the disc of Moon?
In the core of Fire?
In the idols worshipped by thy ardent devotees, with their offerings of flowers?
In the farthest end of all the sides of the cosmos?
In the vacuity of space?
In Bindu or in Nada? In Vedanta or in Siddhanta?
In the earthly visibles?
In the unseeable vacuum?

In the past, present, or in the future?
In the birth, or in the death?
In thy servants that subjugated all their senses? that Thou art residing? Wilt thou frankly tell me thy servant, O my Lord?
O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord! O Great Splendour! O Pool of Bliss!

LXXII

Enthanal karunaikku

That which of the days would suit thee to shower thy mercy upon me is my heart's burning quest, what shall I say!
Hitherto what have I attained? To groan and sigh with my trembling heart that melts into liquid as the thrown-out wax on the burning flame? Is the

Eternal Bliss hidden in the unbearable pain of grief, and in my incessant heart's break?

Thou dost know my heart's yearning; is there anyone other than thee? who art residing at my intellect as a deity thereof?

The body will not last long; will the broken boat float long on the surface of the tumultuous waters?

Is it proper to thee who hadst thy reign all along in me as thine own, to press me down into the depth of misery as if thou knowest not me ever before?

O Purest Uncorrupted Ultimate Lord! O Great Splendour! O Pool of Bliss!

LXXIII

Avanandri oranuvum

When there is a wises' saying: "Without Him no atom could move about," what is then the Intelligence and where is the ignorance?

Who have known them and who have not?

Who are they that were serene and silent, and they that were making noisy voice like myself with flippant froths?

Whence does come the delusion of mind?

Where is the mildness of mercy and the hardness of heart?

Where does the creation of Universes begin at?

Whence does come the Will to create?
Where does the modification of elements take place?
Which is true and which is false?
Which is wrong and which is right?
Which is favourite and which is not?
Which is good and which is bad, and what is that that is called envy? and jealousy?
Who is great and who is not?
Who is friend and who is foe?
Could all these be without Thee?
O Infinite Object inhering in every object as the life's life, both in heaven and earth?

LXXIV

Vedamudanagama

Vedas and Agamas, Puranas and Ithihasas, and all other scriptures deal at length mostly with the paths of Dualism and Non-Dualism.

The dear-to-impart Dualism is the path of Wisdom that leads to the Light of Non-Dualism.

All the Authorities, Common-Sense and Experience speak to this, and both the parties come to agree.

So *Sariya* and the like is more than sufficient for me. Whatever I think and assume will I become as such. Should Thee I assume will I indeed attain to That Non-Duality! Oh, whichever

form I assume thou art there my Father to come as such and to pour thy grace; am I then less in abundance?

O Infinite Object inhering in every object as the life's life both in heaven and earth?

LXXV

Kakamanathu kodi

Can a mass of crows, though gathered by a lakh in number, chase a block of stone?

Can the bad deeds done in the past, though they are lakh in kind, affect anyone who marches forward with awful thirst of thy grace—the flood of Mercy?

But apparent is that in me there is not the least thirst of thy grace! All the deeds of the past collected

together come and attack my covering sheath. To be free from grief the success of Yoga has not been attained yet.

Oh, it is remote between the mind of mine and the equanimous state of contemplation! On which day shall I be mingled with thee? Will it not be within this age?

O Infinite Object inhering in every object as the life's life both in heaven and earth?

LXXVI

Orumai manathagi

Would the world as a whole envy if I the single among the folk with the steadiness of mind come and remain in the plane of thy grace free from misery? What!

would the play of Maya all of a sudden come to a standstill? Has it not any other place than of mine?

Or would thy graced lovers—Bhaktas —object to mine?

Or those a few that created these Universes and have a reign over us, would claim this untenable?

Would thy vast gracious infinity become a little less?

Would all the quintuple elements collect together and take themselves various shapes of ghosts and devils, and raise a big growling noise in objection?

Or have I yet attained not the ripeness of age?

Or would my innocent deeds consisting of good and evil come together and attack and obstruct, just tell me the truth?

O Infinite Object inhering in every object as the life's life both in heaven and earth?

LXXVII

Pagathinar kavithai

To muse and sing the poet's songs the path of Love I know not;
To recite the Vedas, to read the works of those three Greats', no musical rhythm and melody are known to me;
To try a little of Yoga my body obeys not those strict ordinances;
To abstain the food means to me the leaving off the very life itself;
To easily perform the Yoga of Action the desires have not lessened a bit;

To remain in silent repose in the truest wisdom is ever an unending job;
Oh, many are the obstacles! O The Flood of Ambrosia that can be had of the thirst of Liberation risen by the light of thy Wisdom! O Lonely Splendour!
O The Existence-Intelligence-Bliss, all filling Omnipresence!

LXXVIII

Imaiyalavu podai

The delusion of mind makes a moment a period of Kalpa! and it smiles to say "Ah, what a world is this earth!"
Ah, the lust of women launches a boat with so heavy a load as of Mount Meru!

Its commandment to carry the load
on my head makes me a porter!
Shattering all the noble thoughts
replaces them by many a vice!
On compilation of a magical comedy
it comes to stage, ah, wonder of
wonders! Is it easy to get over
this the delusion of mind?
Are all these the nature of thy Grace
that is lustrous to them who won
thy grace? or the nature of
Illusion?
Tell me the recluse in silent voice,
O Witness who are unseen by
the sectarian paths!
O The Existence-Intelligence-Bliss,
all filling Omnipresence!

LXXIX

Iniyethamakkunarul

Where is then thy grace to me?
Oh, shall there be? my expectant
heart melts with this eager hope!
No base to hope those that are
living today will tomorrow be
alive!
Is this body to be unjustly the slave
of the demon "*I*"?
Is it proper to let all that of mine
acquired by learning and listen-
ing and that I sung and danced
hitherto go in vain?
Is it unknown to thee, O my Lord?
that what I am aiming at is
to remain a recluse in silent
repose with my eyes closed intact,
eating fruits, riped or not,

withered leaves, barks or roots, when the call of hunger presses my belly?

O The Existence-Intelligence-Bliss, all filling Omnipresence?

LXXX

Kayatha marameethu

The tree that bears no fruits meets not with the beats of stones.

Thou art the Lord, and we thy servants. It is thy grace that puts us down bound by the chain of Karma to roll with the wheel of birth and death.

Our worldly custom is for the well-fed to praise and the starved to curse.

Thine sacred scriptures proclaim that if thou art only praised certain is the reaching the goal the Liberation to call it by. Any

noisy talk other than this would then indeed be improper on my part!

Now, which of these two choices of praising and cursing is the best and proper?

In thou abides the motherly mercy, too, to utterly forgive our earthly faults. Pray, let my waverings of mind come to an end!

O The! Existence-Intelligence-Bliss, all filling Omnipresence!

LXXXI

Innam pirappatharku

If the wheel of birth is yet to roll on me, I pray thee to ask my mother Kundalini that sittest in the orb of moon to take me up to the deathless land by feeding me up with her breasts' milk that streams down by the heat of Muladhara.

If for me there lies the path leading to the birthless land better would be for thee to immediately hand me over to my Mother where I would shine myself as the flame of camphor, and thus make me mingled with in Thy Home.

Instead of this if thou in this juncture bringest a dispute I the little and lonely creature cannot bear it! Obeisance, O the Chief of the paths of Liberation!

O The Existence-Intelligence-Bliss, all filling Omnipresence!

LXXXII

Vēdavai ivvannam

If Brahma is asked why he should make me thus he would say it to be but of my own fate. The

fate is indescribable. Had it been sprung up from the mind itself the mind if questioned would point out the Intelligence. The Intelligence is to be brightened by thee. The sacred Vedas proclaim that thou alone art the Immortal. As thou alone art the cause of All so it is thou alone who hast sent me down to play my part on the stage of the world; and it is thou alone who all the while hast been witnessing the scene.

Oh, it is thou that playest all; thou the Grace, thou the giver of truest Wisdom, thou the parents, thou the relatives, and thou my all!

O The Existence-Intelligence-Bliss, all filling Omnipresence!

LXXXIII

Ippiravi yenu more

I am plunged into the ocean of birth;
I am caught by the mouth of crocodile of *I;*
I am being beaten by the waves of pairs of opposites;
I am being held up by the whirling wind of the lust of women that bear the splitting lips and the pebble-like breasts;
Like the swelling of the celestial Ganges the wild stream of desires incessantly falls on my head;
I lost the body of discrimination;
I lost the life-save boat of spiritual wisdom;
I lost my poise of reason;

I am trembling with the fear of death, for there may presently come the boat of thieves from among the gang of Death;
Oh! I cry and weep!
Wouldst thou now shower thy mercy just to help me to reach the shore of Liberation?
O Lord of Intelligence abiding in the shrine of my heart as the untraceable Truth? O Radiant Bliss?

LXXXIV

Thanthai thai thamar tharam

Father, mother, wife and children and all other relatives are all but a crowd in the Fair.
The kingly life, the palatial buildings, and mansions of many a storey, the royal thrones decked

with diamonds with armies and guards and all other paraphernalia are but a magical Show; an undesirable dream!

Is the mind filled with avarice cunningness, envy and jealousy, the pot of filth full of worms?

Ah, how to cast off the *I*-ness of self; and how to plunge and float on the whirlpool of thy grace that knowest not the day and night, viewing all alike the fluctuations of mind?

O Lord of Intelligence abiding in the shrine of my heart as the untraceable Truth? O Radiant Bliss?

LXXXV

Ararenakkenna bodithum

Whoever taught me whatever course
is there any use? Could my
mind easily be turned otherwise?
The mind expands itself throughout
the great void of space, where as
in the cavity of a womb arranged
in order are many a system of
Universes within thy womb.
The eternal Bliss is sure and certain
to be obtained by me; even if,
under thy command, prevented
from, shrink and lurk will I not.
None and naught could obstruct
my march in quest!
Between mere "Lord" and "servant"
my complaint would never come
to a decision! I am going not

to leave it aside if it won't, O Universal Lord!

O Lord of Intelligence abiding in the shrine of my heart as the untraceable Truth! O Radiant Bliss!

LXXXVI

Kanthuga mathakkariyai

We could pacify, tame and control even the wildest elephants;

Tie the mouths of ferocious tigers and bears;

Mount on the backs of lions;

Stir the venemous serpents from out of the snake-hill-holes, and have a play with them;

Live on merely by drinking the melted liquid of five-metals;

Rove all round about the world unseen by others;

Make slave of celestials and of gods
and demi-gods;
Live on with everlasting youthfulness;
Enter into others' bodies;
Walk on the surface of waters;
Remain on the flame of fire;
Obtain many such unchallengeable
Siddhis;
But to remain a while Silent and
Still is very hard to us!
O Lord of Intelligence abiding in
the shrine of my heart as the
untraceable Truth! O Radiant
Bliss!

LXXXVII

Ainthu bhutha moru

O Sky! filled with the glare and
mirage of the five elements!
O The Graceful Radiance! having
no beginning, middle or end!

O The Growing Object! devoid of any quality, mark, form, or formlessness!
O Cosmic Consciousness!
O Graceful Nature! giving the light to all the lives in the Cosmic-Consciousness!
O The Root! remaining ever neutral!
O Justice! coupled with Mercy!
O My Father! shall I live to receive Thy Grace which Thou wouldst, knowing the want of my heart, pour in me to remove my misery?
O Very-dear-to-know Brahma!
O The Playing Purity! O Wisdom!

LXXXVIII

Azithurumbu

Ah, what a pity! this thy slave
vainly rambles here and there,
As does a floating straw on the
surface of waters! O Eternal!

LXXXIX

Oyatho venkavalai

Will my grief fatigue not? the flood
of bliss
Shall not flow in? O Sire, dost
not tell? O Eternal!

XC

Anbar panikki

If to serve Thy Devotees am I
destined,
Spontaneous shall be the blissfulness,
O Eternal!

XCI

Nenjagame

My heart the temple, my mind the incense, my love the holy water;
Dost Thou not come and accept my offer of worship? O Eternal!

XCII

Viththandri

Without a seed would anything grow? Could we be
Without the Intelligence of Thy Grace Dost not tell? O Eternal!

XCIII

Kollaaradham

To swell the vow of 'Injure-not'
all over the world
To tell to all in the whole world
is all my desire, O Eternal!

XCIV

Sollum

Only to remain in the quietude
devoid of any thought and speech,
Is all my ambition for day and night,
O Eternal!

XCV

Karkumlai

Learning is learnt the tie of senses
be never untied,
Learning to become just Thy Grace
is the learning proper, O Eternal!

XCVI

Kettathaiye

As the parrot-like-repetition of what
has been heard,
Is the chatting fair? with no heed
to Thy grace, O Eternal!

XCVII

Sinnanchiriyar

The path of theory equals to a sandy dinner
Served by the playing children, O Eternal!

XCVIII

Padippattru

To them, indeed, that remain devoid of learning, listening, attachment
And of shivering of mind, that awaits Happiness! O Eternal!

XCIX

Illatha

Not following the lead of mind
craving for the unrealities,
Is the manliness of good and wise,
O Eternal!

C

Kolla

Good are they that hold the vow of
'Injure-not';
Who are they the rest I know not,
O Eternal!

Moorthiyellam

Long Live Devas, my eyes the
Master of Silence,
Let His Word ever Live, and Long
Live Thy Devotees, O Eternal!

Peace: Peace: Peace.

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ERRATA

Page:	Line:	For:	Read:
xxxi	2 of footnote 2	doos	dost
9	5	etherial	ethereal
22	5	thee	thou
35	4	our	this
37	10	thee	thou
41	12	Leadjug	Leading
43	17	selves	self
44	18	faculty	faculties
54	17	omit "up"	
57	7	after "*Kalas*"	add "and"
59	7	omit "up"	
62	13	Royel	Royal
79	9	omit "a"	
„	17	body dwindles	bodies dwindle
81	15	it	them
84	2	omit "up"	
„	9	pitfal	pitfall
„	9	though	thou
87	7	body	bodies
98	3	subjucated	subjugated

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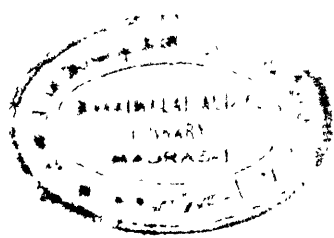

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